

Ahoy, Sailor by fullofwander

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Summary:

Steve has a new job. Billy is highly amused.

Ahoy, Sailor

Author's Note:

I mean, it's pretty much what my brain came up with today after that video. It's not great, but I'm amused! I tried to make it smutty, but it just wouldn't happen! Just know, that in my heart of hearts, I firmly believe that Billy would find a way to suck Steve off while in that uniform. I'm on tumblr @fullofwander.

Son of a fucking bitch.

"Ahoy," Steve said lamely, facing possibly the last person on earth he'd ever wanted to see him like this.

"Ahoy, *sailor* ," Billy replied, dragging out the syllables, smiling lecherously from the other side of the counter. Of fucking course. He planted his hands on the counter between them, clearly enjoying the scene he'd stumbled upon.

Steve sighed deeply, watching Billy drag his eyes over the stupid hat on his head and down his sailor-themed shirt that proudly bore his nametag. He supposed the 'ahoy' wouldn't be so bad if he didn't also have to wear this ridiculous uniform, but here he was.

"Oh, look at those shorts!" Billy crowed, leaning over to get a good look at Steve's bare legs. Steve could feel the color rising to his cheeks as he struggled not to shuffle his steps.

"Did you want something or not, asshole?" he muttered, glancing

behind him to make sure his manager wasn't in earshot.

When he turned back, he found Billy reaching up, attempting to snatch the paper sailor's hat sitting precariously on his head.

"What the hell is that on your head, Harrington?" he asked as Steve ducked out of his reach, before throwing back his head back and laughed uproariously. "Look at your little hat!"

On reflex Steve smacked at the grasping hands, yelping as he stumbled backward a step. Billy relented, holding his hands up in a surrendering motion as he continued to stare Steve down with that *look* that said he was thinking all sorts of things that you didn't want to know.

God, at least he wasn't getting mean about it. Yet.

Steve rubbed a hand down his face and across the back of his neck, before straightening the ridiculous hat that had their stupid 'ahoy' motto printed across it.

"What. Do you want." he articulated through clenched teeth.

A different look flashed over Billy's face then, something dark and wicked, that was quickly replaced with faux innocence. Steve wasn't buying it.

"I just want an ice cream cone, pretty boy," he said, pausing just long enough to run his tongue along his lower lip, leaning back to stuff his hands in his pockets. Steve narrowed his eyes in suspicion. "You know, a large creamy one I can really take my time with."

Steve pursed his lips. Well, that wasn't too bad, but he could do without the terrible innuendo.

"What flavor?" Steve asked.

"Sweet cream," Billy replied immediately, without even looking at the menu. Because of course this joint had more than just regular vanilla. *Sweet cream*. Steve all but snorted.

He quickly rung up the transaction before turning to fill the order. But as he did, a sharp whistle caught his attention, and he looked back over his shoulder to see Billy eyeing his ass.

"Those shorts look even tighter from the back, Harrington!"

Steve rolled his eyes, pulling a cone and moving to grab a scoop. *Just ignore him, just ignore him*. Besides, it's not like these shorts were any smaller or tighter than his basketball shorts had been.

"Har har, asshole," he mumbled to himself.

"Is there a problem here?" Steve's manager asked suddenly,

appearing out of nowhere and startling Steve enough that he fumbled the scoop full of ice cream. Steve's face reddened as he realized she'd heard his comment.

"No problem. Sailor boy here was just getting me my ice cream cone," Billy said, a flirtatious grin stretching across his face.

"Ok, good," she said, relaxing as she was taken in by Billy's charm. She cleared her throat. "Steve, I'm going on break."

"Sure thing, Gina," he responded, pressing the ice cream into the cone.

She smiled back at Billy as she walked around the counter, before taking off deeper into the food court.

When Steve turned back around with his completed order, Billy's grin had turned decidedly shit-eating. Steve handed over the cone wordlessly, keeping his eyes trained on where a drip of melted ice cream was already beading.

Now go away, asshole , he thought as hard as he could, refusing to meet his eyes.

But, of course, Billy didn't leave. He just stood there, watching as Steve moved to wipe down the counters, and licked his ice cream cone. Steve could see the movement out of the corner of his eye, the flash of pink as it slowly moved up the column of *sweet cream* .

“Look, I’m not going to play your weird-ass staring contest game!” Steve snapped, putting his elbow into scrubbing a stubborn spot of dried ice cream, head turned determinedly down.

Billy said nothing, just continued to give his ice cream long, exploratory licks, crunching down into the cone.

Goddamn it .

Steve looked up, immediately meeting Billy’s blue gaze.

“What?” he hissed.

Billy’s eyes only widened innocently, as he continued to lick the melting ice cream now making it’s way down his hand. He kept eye contact with Steve the whole time, sucking his index finger into his mouth and releasing it with a pop.

Steve pressed himself against the counter, desperately ignoring his sudden reaction to the lewd scene.

“Can I have a napkin?” Billy asked, raising his glistening hand.

Steve blindly grabbed a handful from beside the register and all but threw them at Billy, who only responded with an arched eyebrow

and grin. He caught a napkin, wiping his hands slowly before tossing it into the garbage.

“See ya next time, sailor,” he said, sauntering off with a sway of his hips.

Son of a fucking bitch .